

And when you barke doe it with judgement.

Ban. Yes Sir.

Sch. *Quo usque tandem.* Here is a woman wanting

4. We may goe whistle: all the fat's i' th fire.

Sch. We have,

As learned Authours utter, wash'd a Tile,

We have beene *fatuus*, and laboured vainely.

2. This is that scornfull peece, that scurvy hilding
That gave her promise faithfully, she would be here,
Cicely the Sempsters daughter:

The next gloves that I give her shall be dog skin;

Nay and she faile me once, you can tell *Arcas*.

She swore by wine, and bread, she would not breake.

Sch. An Eele and woman,

A learned Poet sayes: unles by'th taile

And with thy teeth thou hold, will either faile,

In manners this was false position

1. A fire ill take her; do's she flinch now?

3. What

Shall we determine Sir?

Sch. Nothing,

Our busines is become a nullity

Yea, and a woefull, and a pittious nullity.

4. Now when the credite of our Towne lay on it,

Now to be frampall, now to pisse o'th nettle,

Goe thy wajes, ile remember thee, ile fit thee,

Enter Taylors daughter,

Daughter.

The George alow, came from the South, from

The coast of Barbary a.

And there he met with brave gallants of war

By one, by two, by three, a

Well haild, well haild, you jolly gallants,

And whither now are you bound a

Chaire and
Hooles out,

O let me have your company till come to the sound a

There was three fooles, fell out about an howlet

The one sed it was an owle

The other he sed nay,

The third he sed it was a hawke, and her bels wer cut away.

3. Ther's

3. Ther's a dainty mad woman
mad as a march hare: if wee can
made againe: I warrant her, shee?

1. A mad woman? we are made

Sch. And are you mad good w

Daugh. I would be sorry else
Give me your hand.

Sch. Why?

Daugh. I can tell your fortune

You are a foole: tell ten, I have

Friend you must eate no white

Your teeth will bleede extreame

I know you, y'ar a Tinker: Sir ha

Stop no more holes, but what yo

Sch. *Dij boni.* A Tinker Dam

Daugh. Or a Conjurer: raite me

Quipassa, o'th bels and bones.

Sch. Goe take her, aud fluently

Et opus exegi, quod nec Iovis ira

Strike up, and leade her in.

2. Come Lasse, lets trip it.

Daugh. Ile leade.

3. Doe, doe.

Sch. Perswasively, and cunning

E.

I heare the hornes: give me son

Meditation, and marke your Cu

Pallas inspire me.

Enter Thes. Pir. Hip. Emil. c.

Thes. This way the Stag too

Sch. Stay, and edifie.

Thes. What have we here?

Per. Some Countrey sport,

Per. Well Sir, goe forward, y

Ladies sit downe, wee'l stay it.

Sch. Thou doughtie Duke

Thes. This is a cold beginni

Sch. If you but favour; our

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